

The Golden Sunset

The elderly lady stood
with her feet in the surf
Glancing intensely
at the horizon
There is a worrisome
look on her face
The Golden Ball peeking
from behind a dark cloud
A cloud with a golden lining

Then the cloud moves
The horizon is lit up
With beautiful golden rays

There is a faint smile
on her face
And little twinkles
in her eyes
She waves with her
trembling hand
And murmurs
I know, I know
You will never
let me down
Beyond the horizon
The Golden Ball
faithfully bids farewell



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

